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VOLUME VIII.

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POETRY.

THE SNOW.

The afternoon was dark and drear,
The sky was hanging low,
As if dead friends were doubly dead,
Was felt the coming snow.

I shuddered with instinctive dread,
A chill of heart within,
As if dead friends were doubly dead,
When winter snows begin.

All night the wind would start, and call,
As if in sudden pain;
And syllabled dear names to all
Who heard the broken strain.

"My child, my boy," one murmured low,
"Why art thou snatched from me?"
One wept—"My Mother, how can we
Be borne apart from thee?"

I sat my lonely fire beside,
As felt the midnight snow,
And mourned a friend for those who died
And left me long ago.

Memory would hardly let me pray,
But a long vigil kept;
Then, thoughts of voices hushed for aye
Possessed me while I slept.

But when the night's work had been done
And I rose up from rest,
And saw the mantle laid upon
The earth's still sleeping breast;

And saw the trees, in silver clad,
Flashing against the sky,
Like angel sentinels who had
Some mission from on high;

And saw the wondrous beauty given
To every bush and stone,
The dazzling purity of heaven
Over all objects thrown;

I thought my shrinking dread of snow
Was like the dread of death;
Beforehand—spirits weak and low,
A weight upon the breath;

But afterwards, the short night o'er
A burst of light supreme,
A glory never seen before
In any earthly dream:

The glory of the heavenly halls
Where reigns th' Eternal One,
Whose radiant lights the crystal walls
And dazzles like the sun.

And in His loving smile they live
Whom we are weeping sore;
He gives them, what we could not give,
Gladden for evermore.

And we, perchance their lives to share,
May soon be called to go,
And shine, like them, in garments fair,
And whiter than the snow.

—New York Observer.

STORE TELLER.

ENSIGN RANSON.

I scarcely remember the starting
point of our conversation, though its
scene rises up before me vividly as
memory touches those magic plates
which she keeps stored up in her mys
terious chamber.

There were several young people
gathered in Mrs. Martin's "parlor."
Probably there was not another old
lady in London who had such a "parlor."
From the long, deep windows, the slop
ing walls, the low ceiling, and the chirp
ing of birds, to say nothing of the scent
of wall-flowers and musk, one fancied
one's self in the ground floor apart
ment of some quaint country cottage.
In fact it was a room on the topmost
story of a grand old house in an old
city square.

In that house Mrs. Martin had spent
the last happy married days of her early
womanhood, and there it was her wish
to remain till she died. The house
was far too large and too costly for a
widowed woman's sole occupation, and
so she had retreated, up and up, until
she reached a solitude and silence
which the occupant of many a country
High street might have envied. A
perfect curiosity was her little habita
tion, its walls covered with pictures,
its whole replete with every simple
comfort. The old lady herself rarely
went out now, but she did not lack
visitors. There were some with great
names and great powers who, in the
world of fashion, found no temptation
to forget their old friend; and there
were many more, bright, saucy lads,
and sweet, enthusiastic girls, who
found with her a refuge and a rest,
where they could flutter their incipient
wings safely and happily.

I can remember that, at that time,
some great trial was running its course,
and all England was eager for the
sight of the evening papers, which one
of us had brought in, and the contents
of which we had been eagerly dis
cussing, rashly giving our decided
judgments on points over which the
jury of twelve "good men and true"
would have to spend many an hour of
weary consideration.

One witness came in for our special
animadversion. In her cross-examina
tion some questions had been put to
her which she had declined to answer,
and on appealing to the Judge whether
she was compelled to do so, had re
ceived an answer in the negative.

"We all know what that means,"
was the dictum of our juvenile leader,
in which we all heartily concurred.
"If what she must have answered

would have been to her credit, she
would not have hesitated, whether the
question was justifiable or not. We
may be sure that her answer would
probably have evoked some further
question, with results still more dis
creditable to her."

There was quite a little chorus of
assent on this point; only Mrs. Mar
tin was quite silent and gave her knit
ting-needles a peculiar shift, which we
had long learned to recognize as what
would be described in parliamentary
language as "murmurs of dissent."

"Don't you think so, too?" asked one
of us, turning to the old lady with that
deference which we always felt to be
due to her, even when her wisdom dif
fered from that of our contemporary
Solomon.

"My dear, it may be so—but it may
not," she answered. "I know a little
story on this very point. I knew a
gentleman who was present when the
incident happened."

We were all attention. A story was
not to be slighted, even when told to
prove ourselves in the wrong.

"Well," said Mrs. Martin, "many
years back, long before I was born, and
that is nearly sixty years ago, a young
man came out of a little house at the
eastern end of a town by the sea. There
was plenty of life and gaiety at the
other end of the town, which was
enlivened by one or two barracks, a
fort, and a castle. But the eastern
end was very poor, and would have
been quite lonely but for the fisher
men and their boats. The house from
which the young man came was be
yond even this homely bustle, and was
little more than a wooden hut, tarred
to defend it from wind and weather.

Its only near neighbor was a huge
windmill, whose gaunt arms were
almost over its humble roof; and, though
its windows and doorstep were clean
and its curtains white, it was clearly a
very poor place, where none but very
poor people would live.

"But the young man who came out
was in the full dress of a military of
ficer, though that was screened from
view by the long gray cloak which the
March wind made so necessary. He
looked back and waved his hand to
ward the little house, as if he knew
that somebody there was watching
him, though, certainly, nobody could
be seen from the outside. And then
he turned and struggled against the
strong gale that blew in from the sea.

"He was quite young, and his face
was finely cut, and would have been
pleasant but for a look of stern and
pleasing sorrow, not unmixed with bi
tterness, which seemed strangely in
congruous with his years and his dress.

"He walked on quite through the
town. There were few people taking
exercise for pleasure in that rough
weather, and the crowd of shipping in
the Downs made the seaward view al
most less lonely than the shore. It
was a very simple little town, with red
tiled, decent dwelling-houses crowded
forward toward the sea, as if their in
mates wanted to watch the boatmen
and fishers from as near a point as
they might. Wherever the houses
broke apart, one caught glimpses of a
wild, flat country, dotted here and
there with weird trees in Indian file;
and the youth looked wistfully toward
these desert fields, as if he would fain
have struck away across them, instead
of going on, as he did, toward the grim
old fort.

"Yet there, it was clear, festivity
was going forward, and friendly voices
greeted him as he passed the gray old
portal. And then, over his stern, sad
face dropped a mask of gaiety, and
though he relapsed into silence at
times, he was as polite and conversa
ble as the best of them.

"There was preparation for a din
ner party in the fine stiff old hall, with
its rows of military portraits, and its
dingy, blood-stained banners. The
castle, the barracks, and the fort itself
had eagerly furnished guests to wel
come the visitor of the day, a grand
old General recently returned from
honorable victories in the south of
Europe.

"To our idlers of to-day," said Mrs.
Martin, shaking her dear, white-cap
ped head, "there was perhaps a great
deal in that dinner-table conversation
which ought not to have been. We
have left off openly despising our then
enemies, the French, or speaking of any
foreign allies as much as if they were
vermin, whom it was our good pleasure
for the time being to support and pro
tect. Let us not be afraid to condemn
our honorable grandfathers in that
wherein we think they were wrong.

Only let us humbly remember that,
strive as we may, we ourselves shall
still say and do many things which, as
we believe in God and progress, our
still more fortunate descendants will
characterize as ill-judged and perhaps
wicked. We can but do our very best
according to the light which is vouch
safed to the world in our day.

"After dinner, when ceremony was
fairly thawed, the good old General in
the kindness and pride of his heart
displayed a little box, which had been
given to him by some grandee of Spain.
I think it must have been too small
for a snuff-box, and was probably one

of those tiny trifles in which fashiona
ble folks used to carry comfits and
lozenges. At any rate, this box was
set with diamonds and colored gems
of rare value, and it passed from hand
to hand, flashing brightly in the lamp
light, while the old warrior told dread
stories of his campaigns, and of the
daring and honor of his men.

"But suddenly, at the end of a story
so thrilling that all heads had been
craned toward him, while the military
servants had thronged the door in rapt
attention, the simple question was
asked—

"Where is the General's jeweled
box?"

"Nobody knew; everybody said that
he had silently passed it on to his fel
low."

"The General rummaged his own
pockets, lest it had found its way back
to him and he had half consciously put
it away. No, it was not there, and the
brave old fighting face looked a little
blank, and he murmured an excuse
about how his loss would vex Lady
Elizabeth."

"But it cannot be lost, General,"
cried the officer in command of the
fort. "In this room it was a few min
utes ago, and in this room it must be
still. No gentleman, to his knowledge,
has had it in his possession. Let the
servants at the door come in, though,
to the best of my belief, not one of
them has approached the table since
the box was brought out. Let the
door be made fast, and let our search
be thorough."

"The candles were brandished to
and fro, under the tables, under the
chairs, round the table drapery. But
from no point flashed out the brilliant
beauty of the little box.

"Still it must be here," insisted the
Commandant, "and surely no gentle
man will think his honor infringed if
each in turn is asked to empty the
contents of his pockets upon the table.
I myself will be the first to do so. And
the servants shall be the last."

"Nobody could be expected to demur
at so simple and sensible a proposal,
backed as it was by the honest old of
ficer instantly rattling out some crown
pieces and a tobacco pouch, half-pence,
and an old pipe. One after the other,
the gentlemen on each side of the table
followed his example, while sharp
but unfriendly eyes took eager note of
strange pieces of personal property,
and of dainty three-cornered notes,
which might serve in the future as
material for badinage and quizzing.

"But one drew back when the Com
mandant made his proposal. That
young man who had walked in from
the eastern end of the town dropped
suddenly into his seat, whence he had
risen in the first eagerness of the
search. He passed his hand once or
twice, nervously, through his hair,
leaving it wild and straggling. And
then he watched blankly, as the fruit
less search drew nearer and nearer to
himself. Within five minutes later,
one or two of the officers were whisper
ing to each other that any simpleton
might have seen he did not expect it
could be found.

"His turn was the very last. 'En
sign Ranson,' said the Commandant
steadily. Ensign Ranson was certain
ly the first who had been required to
be called upon by name.

The youth arose. And, though the
rest of his face was of a deadly white
ness, there was a spot of burning red
on each cheek.

"I don't think any gentleman should
be asked to do this," he said. "I will
give my word of honor that the box is
not upon my person. I did not even
keep it in my hands a moment; I merely
took it and passed it on."

"Too high-minded even to look at
such gewgaws," sneered a spiteful old
Major, under his breath.

"What men high in the service and
old enough to be his father have al
ready done, Ensign Ranson may safely
do also," said the Commandant, with
a severity which was not unkindly, for
young Ranson looked much a boy
among the crowd of men, mostly stout
and middle aged; and the very suspi
cion suddenly lowering over him made
the old officer think of his own lads,
growing up, and not quite sure to do
well for themselves after all.

"I would never have asked it for
the sake of my box," observed the
General, leaning back in his chair, and
inwardly wondering what Lady Eliza
beth would say of his carelessness.

"But we ask it for the sake of our
honor, General," said the Commandant
testily.

"And we do not seem to have asked
it needlessly," said the spiteful Ma
jor.

"I will not do this thing!" cried the
young Ensign passionately, and he
looked wildly round the group as if he
sought for one face that would com
prehend and compassionate his misery.
The face which looked the kindest was
that of the old General himself, partly
because it was not his hospitality
which was outraged, partly because his
genial nature was terribly shocked at
finding anything of his the cause of
such a wretched act of dishonor.

"If the General will come with me
to the ante-room," said the young man,

"I will convince him that I have not
touched his box. But this public ex
posure I will not consent to; our con
sent was not asked, and—"

"Certainly not!" "Out upon you!"
"General, you must not think of indulg
ing his insolent request," were the on
ly sentences audible in the general
hubbub that arose on every side.

"But the General rose. 'Gentlemen,'
he said quietly, 'I have never yet re
fused to listen to an enemy's petition.
If you can satisfy me, sir, perhaps your
comrades will take my word for you.'

"There was a murmur of very re
luctant acquiescence, as the Ensign
bowed and waited respectfully to fol
low the General to the ante-chamber.
They had not disappeared behind the
heavy curtains before all sorts of sur
mises were whispered round the table,
guesses and hints so wild and so sin
ister as to do credit neither to the
heads nor the hearts which originated
them. The General and the Ensign
staid a longer time in the ante-room
than would have sufficed to search
the Ensign's pockets twice and thrice
over. Not a sound could be heard.

If any conversation was going for
ward, it must have been in a very
low voice. The two gentlemen were
away for nearly half an hour. All
the military servants had been sub
jected to the Commandant's rigid
scrutiny, and then dismissed. It might
be as well that none but the 'gentle
men of the regiment' should know ex
actly what the end was. The delay
grew first awkward and then awful.
Even the whispers and rumors flagged
into an intent and excited watching.

"At last the General and the Ensign
came out. The Ensign's face was still
very pale and what flush remained up
on it had now mounted to the eyes.
The old General was blowing his nose.

"Ensign Ranson has thoroughly
satisfied me," he said, in his most ge
nial voice. "Never mind my box. It
has vanished by one of those mysteri
ous accidents which will happen some
times. It will be found some day.
And, now, gentlemen, perhaps, as we
have been thus broken up, we shall
not settle down again very comforta
bly to-night. I hope we shall see you
all at the Castle before Lady Elizabeth
and I leave for London."

"General," said the Commandant,
drawing him a little to one side, "may
I say that I sincerely trust your great
generosity has not led you to—"

"Sir," cried the old General, "can
you imagine that any mistaken idea of
kindness would cause me to make you
a companion of thieves? Gentlemen,
he went on, seeing that the company
were not aware of his little by-play,
"I pledge you my word that I am sat
isfied of Ensign Ranson's honor, and
whoever dares to doubt him makes me
to be his accomplice."

"And the old General seized the
young Ensign's arm and marched him
from the banqueting-room, while every
one sat dumfounded, till the spiteful
Major remarked that wonders would
never cease.

There was nothing more to be said.
It was discovered that Ensign Ranson
was not only invited to the Castle with
the other officers, but he was also asked
there by himself, and actually was be
lieved to have taken tea with the Gen
eral and Lady Elizabeth in their deep
retirement. For the General's
sake, rather than his own, his brother
officers continued on courteous terms
with him; and he had always been so
shy, and held himself so aloof, that
perhaps he did not discover there was
but little cordiality in their courtesy.

And presently he exchanged into an
other regiment, which went on foreign
service.

"He was away for several years, and
in the fortunes of war he got rapidly
promoted so that when he returned
home, though he was still young, he
was no longer a poor nobody. When
he landed in his country he found a
letter awaiting him, written by one
who had sat near him at that memora
ble dinner-party, and who was now
residing in the old Castle where the
General and Lady Elizabeth had then
been guests. This letter pressed him,
in the warmest terms, to spend some
of his earliest days in England at this
very Castle, and so give many old
friends who were in the neighborhood
an opportunity of meeting and con
gratulating him. Ensign Ranson, now
Colonel Ranson, smiled a little strange
ly when he read this invitation, but he
wrote a very polite reply and accepted it.

"Once more he sat in the stately old
banqueting-room of the fort. This
time he had not walked in from the
bleak east end of the Castle in the
chariot of the Castle's owner. But, as
he took his seat in the chair of honor,
he noticed that every face at the table
was, in all its changes, familiar to him.
All of the guests at the former table
were not there. Many of those, in
deed, he well knew, were sleeping on
battle-fields far away. But nobody
was at this dinner who had not been
at that other one.

"Once more the dishes were remov
ed and the servants withdrawn. The
guest of this evening was no wonder
ful story-teller, like the good old Gen

eral, who had now passed to his rest.
Colonel Ranson was as taciturn as
Ensign Ranson had been shy, and
even let the conversation flag, and
never seemed to notice it.

"Colonel," said the eldest gentle
man of the party, speaking with visi
ble effect, and giving a slight cough
to veil his embarrassment, "Colonel,
I think we all remember another time
when we dined together here."

"Certainly, I remember it," answer
ed the Colonel, lifting his gray eyes,
with a cool light in them.

"Colonel, we fancy you think some
of us did you ill-justice then. At least,
a lady says you felt so—Lady Eliza
beth, the good old General's widow.
If what we are going to do is in any
way painful to you I hope you will
pardon us, for we are only following
her counsel. Colonel, there was a box
lost that evening. Here it is."

"Yes, there it was, gleaming once
more in the light which danced gayly
upon it. The Colonel looked at it
calmly, and asked:

"Where was it found?"

"His composure was exceedingly
disconcerting. Another gentleman,
feeling that the first had done his part,
now took up the parable.

"It was found in the very chair on
which you are now seated, Colonel,"
he said. "You will remember that the
General sat there on that night. It
must have found its way back to the
General's own hand, and in the in
terest and excitement of his own story
telling, he must have intended to slip
it back into his pocket, which, if you
recollect, was the first place where he
sought it. Instead of that it evident
ly escaped the proper orifice, and drop
ped into the covering of the chair;
that covering was very thick and heavy,
and hung in lappets about his legs.
Part of it was unsewn, and this box
dropped between the damask and the
lining, and remained there safely and
unseen till the chair was re-covered
last year."

"Gentleman," said the Colonel, with
his accustomed calmness, though his
lips trembled a little, "I cannot won
der if some of you thought my con
duct suspicious. I thank you heartily
for showing me your brotherly delight
that those suspicions were unfounded."

"At the bottom of the table sat the
spiteful old Major, (he was on half pay
now, and more spiteful than ever), and
he thought within himself that there
was no knowing whether Ensign Ran
son had not taken some subsequent
opportunity of getting rid of his dan
gerous booty into the hole in the dam
ask, and that the mystery could not be
called cleared up unless the Colonel
had explained why he demurred to the
search. And this spiteful old Major
would have said as much to his next
neighbor, if he himself had not been
so terribly deaf that he could not regis
ter his own voice between a confi
dential whisper and a mighty shout.

"The Colonel sat in silence for some
minutes, and toyed with his wine glass,
as if he quite forgot where he was.
Then he recalled himself with a start,
and, drawing something from his pocket,
said quietly:

"Gentlemen, I, too, have something
to show you."

"All pressed forward as he carefully
unfolded the soft paper packet and
laid something on the table. What
was it? What could it be?

"It was the bleached skeleton of a
chicken's wing.

"Gentlemen," he said, in that same
quiet voice, which no longer sounded
cold and stern, but rather full of
strength and sweetness, "when I was
here before, I was a poor, fatherless
lad, owning nothing in the world but
my poor pittance of pay. I fear I
was an eyesore to some of you. I
think you felt that my appearance did
not do justice to the dignity of our
regiment. I believe I often looked
rather shabby, but really I could not
help it."

"I had only one relative in the
world, and that was my mother's sis
ter. After my mother died she had
been as a mother to me, but when our
home was finally broken up, there was
nothing for it but she must be a gov
erness in a stranger's house. And
she did her work courageously and
cheerfully enough till her health failed,
and nobody wanted the service of a
sick woman."

"She had always been good to me.
And we two had only each other in
the world. I could not help her as
she ought to have been helped, but
my pay would at least provide her
such a home and such maintenance as
a poor working man can give to a
poor working woman."

"I took my aunt to lodge with the
wife of the miller's man, in the little
black cottage beside the mill. She
was a kind, cleanly woman, though
rough and plain in her ways, and my
poor aunt used to call herself very
happy there. But she could not eat
the simple fare my scanty means could
procure. And the good landlady used
to break my heart by suggesting that
her appetite might be tempted by
chickens or game, or such other lux
uries beyond my utmost reach.

"All the day of that memorable
dinner party my aunt had been very
feeble and failing. When I left her I
really wondered whether she would be
alive when I saw her again. My soul
revolted at the sight of dainties which
were no good to me, and which I
could not convey to her who seemed
dying for want of them. Suddenly, a
bright idea seized me. I took a letter
from my pocket and spread it on my
napkin, and then, by an adroit move
ment, transferred the wing of a
chicken from my plate to the paper,
and thence smuggled it to my pocket."

"The listening guests began to look
at each other with enlightened eyes.
The spiteful old Major felt that a very
full explanation was being given—and
he was glad he was deaf, that he need
not hear it!

"Gentlemen, you can all imagine
my feelings when such unlooked

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAR. 6, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

THE MAILS AGAIN DELAYED.

Once more we are "short" on deaf-mute correspondence on account of the obstruction of the mails by a bad snow blockade on our railroads. The recent storm was severely felt in this locality, and the track of the Oswego and Rome Railroad and other sections of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad Company's lines were left in such a bad condition that no trains have arrived at our depot up to this time (Saturday afternoon) since last Saturday evening, February 22d, we except, possibly, a freight train last Sunday or Sunday evening, and on the latter point we are not at present informed. A snow-plow and several locomotives, besides shovellers, have been working several days between Oswego and Richland, but at this time, if we are rightly informed, have made less than half the distance,—thirty miles,—and when this line will be clear and the cars again running we have no knowledge upon which to base any calculations. We received a small installment of mail this morning that was brought by the sleigh road last night from Fulton, N. Y., but the great bulk of mail is still somewhere in the background. We make these brief explanations so that some of our correspondents may not feel surprised nor disappointed if their letters do not appear in our paper until next week.

BEAUTIFUL ANSWERS.

A deaf and dumb pupil of the Abbe Sicard gave the following extraordinary answers:

"What is gratitude?"
"Gratitude is the memory of the heart."

"What is the difference between hope and desire?"
"Desire is a tree in leaf; hope is a tree in flower, and enjoyment is a tree with fruit."

"What is eternity?"
"A day without yesterday or to-morrow—a line that has no end."

"What is time?"
"A line that has two ends—a path which begins in the cradle and ends in the tomb."

"What is God?"
"The necessary being, the sun of eternity, the mechanism of nature, the eye of justice, the watch-maker of the universe, the soul of the world."

"Does God reason?"
"Man reasons because he doubts; he deliberates and doubts. God is omniscient. He never doubts. He therefore never reasons."

NOT SORRY.

You will not be sorry for hearing before judging.

For thinking before speaking.

For holding an angry tongue.

For stopping the ear to a tale bearer.

For disbelieving most of the ill reports.

For being kind to the distressed.

For being patient toward every body.

For doing good to all men.

For asking pardon for all wrongs.

For speaking evil of no one.

For being courteous to all.

The Itinerizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itinerizer*.

DENNIS HARRIS, of Polo, Ill., has gone to Kansas to purchase land.

Good health reigns at the Kansas and Colorado Institutions.

Mr. P. S. Englehardt is traveling in the northern part of Wisconsin this month.

VALENTINES produced much amusement among the pupils of the Michigan Institution.

FRANK R. GRAY recently visited the Illinois Institution. He has since gone to Texas.

Mrs. Charles Reed, of Menasha, Wis., is going to spend the coming vacation in Kansas.

THOMAS S. SIMMONS, one of the earliest pupils of the Illinois Institution, is living at Quincy, Ill.

H. C. BOON, postmaster of Cleora, Col., lately visited the superintendent of the Colorado Institution.

The Maine Legislature is considering the subject of establishing a deaf-mute school in that State.

Mr. E. Booth, of Ansonia, Ia., contemplates visiting the Michigan Institution some time next summer.

As last accounts all of the pupils of the American Asylum were quite hearty, and able to eat their daily rations.

Miss A. Skinner, a graduate of the Illinois Institution, recently spent a couple of weeks among friends in Chicago.

HERBERT L. GRISBY, of Topeka, Kan., is going to Colorado Springs, Col., to look for employment as a type-setter.

Several of the pupils of the Illinois Institution contemplate entering the National Deaf-Mute College next fall.

Miss Mary M. Ellison, a blind pupil of the West Virginia Institution, recently died at her home in Hancock, Md.

HERMAN BEAMAN, who began learning type-setting at the Illinois Institution, is working on the *Conner*, at Oregon, Ill.

"The Star says: 'The Leadville fever has reached the Colorado Institution.' [We hope it will not break out there.—Ed.]

WESLEY WINDERS is working in a tailor's shop at cutting clothing in Barry, Ill. He has a sister at the Illinois Institution.

Mr. W. S. WORKS, of Hamball, N. Y., is engaged for the coming season to work on the farm of Mr. Cuddeback, of Lyons.

Mrs. RICE and family, of Council Bluffs, and Mrs. JENNIE BROWN, of Cincinnati, lately visited friends at the Nebraska Institution.

JOHN C. SIMMONS, one of the pupils of the Colorado Institution, has gone home to assist his mother during the absence of his father.

At a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Union of Blackstone, Mass., John P. Donnelly was admitted a member of the society.

The burglar caught at the Ohio Institution, some weeks since, has been sentenced to four years' imprisonment in the Columbus Penitentiary.

JANUARY came in like a lion, and went out like a lamb.—*Adams*. [Just so here; but February also came in like a lion, and stayed like two of them.—Ed. *JOURNAL*.]

The Badger senior at the deaf-mute college says that a school has been founded in Dakota Territory for the education of the deaf and dumb.

MANY of Mr. W. A. JACKSON's friends will be pleased to learn that he has obtained work in a jewelry shop in Attleboro, Mass. We wish him success.

"BAMBLE" would be pleased to open correspondence with "Connecticut Lady." He thinks that she is a former classmate of his. His address is Bamble, Box 236, Danvers, Me.

Miss CLARA COCHRAN, a pupil of the academic department of the Illinois Institution, had a cross eye very skillfully straightened by Dr. Arthur Prince. The young lady is doing very well.

Mr. J. E. ELLEGOD, formerly publisher of the *Blind World*, recently had a valuable overcoat and a pair of kid gloves stolen from the hat rack in the hall of his boarding-house in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Peter M. IVEON, a successful tailor, who lived in Rochester, Minn., died of consumption last December Day. He left a wife and one child. He was educated at one of the Protestant schools in Norway.

The Christian students of the National Deaf-Mute College have a weekly prayer-meeting in which Methodists, Baptists, Lutherans, and Episcopals mingle, and join together in sacred devotion to their Creator.

This class of 79 has studies among which is the "Elements of Political Economy," written by F. Wayland, D. D., and recast by A. L. Chapin, who is almost a life member of the board of trustees of the Deaf-Mute Institution.—*Cor*.

An exchange says that the bill regulating salaries at the Missouri Institution makes that of the principal \$1,200 per annum; treasurer, \$100; matron, \$500; and steward \$500, all residing in the institution, at the expense of the State.

Miss LILLIE W. WOOD, a little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. WORKS (deaf-mutes), of Hamball, N. Y., has been afflicted with colds and a cough much of the time since last fall, and has been unable to attend school much of the time, but is now improving.

THURSDAY is losing his voice; is already so deaf as not to have heard a word about diphtheria until it was howled into his ears a month ago, and has all along been blind to what Polton was doing right under his nose. He would make a healthy president of a deaf-mute asylum.—*Chicago Telegraph*.

The old Asbury University, of Greenfield, Ind., which was burned recently, was the alma mater of several in this profession. Among the noted ones are Dr. Philip G. Gillett, Surg. of the U. S. Inst.; Dr. W. H. DeMoia, Surg. of the Wisconsin Inst.; Prof. M. L. Brock, of the Ill. Inst.; and Prof. W. B. Marshall, of the Mo. Inst.—*Mirror*.

The *Modes' Companion*, of Minnesota, announces the death of another deaf-mute on a railroad track. It is a subject that we have ceased to sound a warning about. The repeated and distressing accidents that have occurred to this class of people, in this way, seem to have no effect whatever upon their recklessness.—*Goodman Gazette*.

We learn from the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil* that the new building, the old having been destroyed by fire two years ago, is completed and occupied. The cost is less than was anticipated and \$5,000 of the appropriation is saved to the State. There are about a hundred and fifty pupils and eight teachers. Mr. Polson, the new superintendent, seems to give complete satisfaction, and, judging at this distance, all goes well.—*Ansonia, Ia., Europa, Feb. 20, 1879*.

The ice-house at the Illinois Institution is well prepared for hot weather.

DEPER, Wis., has now five deaf-mute families; Milwaukee has but three deaf-mute families.

Mr. W. A. NELSON, a student at the deaf-mute college, states that there will be another institution established for the education of the deaf and dumb, in eastern Iowa, in a few years.

Miss Mary Hunter, of Ripon, Wis., has been appointed to take the place of Miss J. G. Tilden, who resigned lately on account of marriage at the deaf and dumb institution, Delavan, Wis.

PROFESSOR E. A. FAY, of the National Deaf-Mute College, said that the faculty intended to confer on W. Bird, B. A., the degree of A. M. this year. But he has already gone to rest in Jesus Christ.

The friends of Mr. David C. HICK, of South Carolina, a former student of the National Deaf-Mute College, will be pleased to learn that he was married at his home in Darlington, S. C., February, 19th.

We learn that Harry WHITE, a student of the National Deaf-Mute College, has written an article upon "Reading," that will appear in the next number of the *American Annals*. It will be forthcoming next April.

THERE is in the library of the Young Men's Christian Union, Blackstone, Mass., a book entitled "The Old man of the Mountains," written by Mr. Swett, of Marblehead, Mass. All the members pronounce it a very interesting book.

Mr. J. GUTTORSON, a steady and industrious shoemaker of La Crosse, Wis., was recently given a dressed sheep by a benevolent farmer of Coon Prairie, Wis., who is the father of Mr. Lars M. Larson, a student at the National Deaf-Mute College.

The birthday party of George LEGG, a deaf-mute, was held at his house on the 12th ult. Music was furnished, and the large assembly did not break up until the lapse of time had shown unmistakably how much the occasion had been enjoyed.

Mr. L. A. Houghton, of the Tennessee Institution, is a graduate of the National Deaf-Mute College, and not of the New York Deaf-Mute College, as Prof. Job Turner stated in a recent communication. There is no such college as he mentioned.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore STONE, of August, Minn., of the Delavan Institution, lately moved to Lodi, Wis., and will probably rent a good farm this year. Mr. Stone is a man of excellent character and intellect, and also a member of the Old Fellows Lodge.

W. N. SPARROW, B. A., a successful teacher at the Kendall school, and one of the students from Wisconsin, called on J. C. Balis, B. A., one of the teachers at the Maryland Institution for the Colored Deaf-Mutes and Blind, on the 28th of December last, and also visited the city of Baltimore that day.

A new school for deaf-mutes has recently been opened in the Masonic building at the corner of Randolph and Halsted streets, Chicago, Ill. It is entitled the "Western Articulating Institution for Deaf-Mutes," and is under the principalship of Mr. R. G. Hirschfelder. Classes are taught on Thursday and Saturday evenings.

LEMON PETERS, of 5 Mulberry street, a deaf-mute, and James O'NEIL, of 13 Rose street, pleaded guilty yesterday of robbing Joseph TOSKY's place at 192 Canal street. Peters read the indictment against him, and made his plea with his fingers. Judge Gildersleeve sentenced Peters to State prison for two years and O'Neil for three years.—*N. Y. Sun, Feb. 28th*.

A well-dressed man, apparently a foreigner, has been in Danvers, Me., soliciting aid from the benevolent, stating that he was deaf and dumb, and a graduate of the American Asylum. He gave his name as Fred Chadburne, and was advised to call on "Bamblor," but declined to do so, as he said, for want of time. No such name appears in the list of pupils in the report for 1877-8; so he is, undoubtedly, an impostor.

WISCONSIN has now only five deaf-mute schools, having a total number of 240 pupils in attendance this year. Among them are the Wisconsin Deaf and Dumb Institution, located in Delavan, and the Wisconsin Phonological Institute, in Milwaukee, having the respective numbers of 140 and 25 pupils. Ninety-two of the former are boys and the rest girls. One of these schools is in St. Francis, near Milwaukee, and has 49 Catholic deaf-mute pupils. The rest, which have been lately started, at Ripon and Green Bay, have each 12 silent scholars. Mr. Berry and Prof. C. L. Williams are in charge of them.

THE *JOURNAL* republishes a six-column article from the *Ohio Legal Record*, descriptive of the great work which is being done at the Ohio Deaf and Dumb Institution. The article is all right as far as it describes the work being accomplished, but when it comes to advising the reduction of wages from ten to twenty per cent. again, it is talking the most arrogant nonsense. Not a man or woman in the Institution list—we know nothing about the kindery—that receives one cent too much pay, and the Principal, who manages this great family, ought to have his doubled. \$1,200 for him is not enough, considering the immense amount of work he does.—*Mirror*.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet expects to conduct the monthly service at St. Paul's Church, Boston, Sunday, March 9th, at 3 p. m., and to be at St. Peter's Church, Salem, in the evening. Services as usual in St. Ann's Chapel, Brooklyn, March 9th, at 3 p. m.; St. Andrew's, Harlem, March 16th, at 4 p. m.; and Christ Church, Williamsburg, March 23d, at 3 p. m.

A NEW BOOK.

VALUABLE INFORMATION TO EVERY OWNER OF A HORSE.

Every lover of the horse should read the following notice from the *Western Sportsman and Livestock News*:

"A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," by Dr. B. J. Kendall, of Enosburgh Falls, Vt., is a book that every owner of a horse should have, and no breeder of horses can afford to do without. It has thirty-five engravings illustrating positions assumed by sick horses, and gives treatment of diseases in such plain and comprehensive language as to be readily understood by any one of ordinary intelligence. The price is only 25 cents, but we would not exchange it for any book on the horse and his diseases that we have ever seen, and we have read some books of the kind that cost \$10. It contains a large number of recipes, any one of which is worth double the price of the work. The book may be had of the author as above.

Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

41-ly.

Local Paragraphs.

Will Tripp, of Camden, has lately been visiting at E. Rulison's.

Wood continues to be hauled into town in considerable quantities.

We learn that Miss Fannie Becker is recovering from her recent sickness.

Miss Emma Knowlton, who has been very sick with typhoid pneumonia, is recovering.

The funeral of Miss Jane Knight was held at the house of her brother, William Knight, where she had resided, last Thursday.

Rev. W. F. Hemenway's donation was a success. Those present spent the evening pleasantly, and left a gift of over \$100 in cash.

For several days recently the people have had another opportunity to see how it seemed to not hear the shriek of the locomotives' whistles.

W. H. Tillapaugh has lately been confined to the house with rheumatism for a few days, but has so far recovered as to be able to be out again.

Quite a number of the former school-mates of Frank Severance visited his school last Saturday in the town of Richland, it being the close of the term.

Mrs. A. M. Parker, who had been off on a visit, was detained at Oswego several days, on her return last week on account of our snow-blockaded railroad.

Mexico Academy closes next Friday for vacation. During the present term the average progress of the students has been good. The spring term begins on Tuesday, March 25th.

The Oswego *Palladium* says: "We understand that the bail of Mr. Conklin propose now to employ an expert and go through his books, in order to make up a case for themselves."

The funeral of Mrs. Loren Miller, who died February 22d, was largely attended at her late residence last Thursday. She left seven children to mourn her death, two daughters and five sons.

The officials of the Oswego County Agricultural Society have selected the 2d, 3d, and 4th of September, 1879, for the next annual fair. The 4th of July would, perhaps, be warmer, besides being a little earlier.

The winter months (of some localities) have passed, but it does not look in this snow-bound portion of the country as if spring would trouble us with her smiling presence and bewitching, refreshing charms for some time to come.

As many of our county supervisors as could get there went to Oswego last week Wednesday to be on hand for the extra session. As the Oswego and Rome Railroad was blockaded by the recent great snow storm, those living in the north-eastern part of the county had to go with teams or any way in which they could get there.

George Goodwin, of this village, and who was the mortgagee of the property, has purchased the Titus Kenyon farm, two and one-half miles south-east of this village. As he has no idea of carrying on that kind of industry this year (perhaps he thinks that hard winters are succeeded by hot summers) he offers the farm, which is a good one, for sale at very low figures.

Several new cases of small-pox at Williamstown are reported by the *Utica Herald*, and great excitement is said to have prevailed last week. The town authorities were severely censured by the citizens for not having taken more precautionary measures to prevent the spreading of the disease, and the board of health were discussing the policy of establishing a quarantine.

The schools in districts 7, 8, and 9, and Miss Hattie Baker's select school, close next week. They will re-open for the spring term Monday, March 21st. Notwithstanding it has been a very stormy winter, with an unusually great depth of snow, and a hard time for many of the children to get to and from them, these schools have, with the exceptions of a very few days, been largely attended, and the progress of the pupils has been good.

The town hall, of which our town has for many years felt a great need, is finished. It is a substantial building, of much architectural beauty, is commodious, well-arranged, and every resident of the town of Mexico has reason to feel proud of the edifice.

The extra expense to each taxpayer incurred by the erection of such a long-needed building is but a trifle, and doubtless a large majority of them are of the opinion that it is money well expended.

Pulaski had a public meeting February 25th to vote on the question of its future postmaster. The result of the matter, as far as balloting goes, was 300 votes for J. B. Watson and 87 for the next highest competitor. This being the expression of the will of many of the citizens of the place, Mr. Watson will, undoubtedly, if he has not already, receive the appointment as Pulaski's postmaster.

A large number of the late County Treasurer Conklin's bondsmen were in Oswego last week at the special session of the Board of Supervisors. We understand that the supervisors have given the bondsmen twenty days in which to make good the deficiency of the late treasurer before instituting legal proceedings against them for the recovery of the amount due to the county from Mr. Conklin. We also hear that the bondsmen will employ an expert accountant to examine the treasurer's accounts.

We hear that Frank Johnson is a very little better.

Mr. Wadsworth received a telegram last Saturday from Denver, Col., conveying the intelligence of the death of his son, E. H. Wadsworth, formerly of this village.

A telegram last Saturday to Mr. William Ames from Nebraska announced the death of his daughter, Mrs. Frances Eaton, formerly of this town. Mrs. Eaton was well known and greatly esteemed, both in this town and village, and also at her home in the West, where she has resided for several years.

GOOD WISHES.

BIDDEFORD, Me., Feb. 26, 1879.
EDITOR *JOURNAL*.—I have been an interested reader of your valuable paper for the past two years. My family read it with great interest, as it contains news from all parts of the country. I hope that we may be permitted to peruse it for many years to come.

In my judgment, every deaf-mute should patronize it in order to obtain the very useful information that its columns contain. I wish it the success that it so richly deserves.

Yours truly,
J. W. P.

A GOOD LADY WALKIST.

BIDDEFORD, Me., Feb. 26, 1879.
EDITOR *JOURNAL*.—I send the following items for the *JOURNAL*.

St. Valentine's day passed very peacefully, and I have not seen a bad villain yet.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvah S. Brown, a deaf-mute couple, of Waverly, N. Y., and their child made us a visit on Saturday, the 15th inst., and stayed with us until Monday. The latter day they left here for further visiting among their relatives in this county.

Mr. Brown said he was to start at farming in North Barton, N. Y., on the first of March. Mrs. Brown, nee Eunice Horton, was educated at the Pennsylvania Institution. She has a deaf and dumb brother, who is sojourning in Bradford county, Pennsylvania.

Miss Hattie Wright, of this place, is now respected as a good pedestrian. She has walked five miles, up hill, in less than seventy-five minutes. Can any of your lady readers beat her? If so, let them come and match her!

I am requested to tell you that a delegation of deaf-mutes, here and in this vicinity, are endorsing the motion of the board of managers of the Empire State Association of Deaf-Mutes to change the place of holding the coming convention to Buffalo. Yes, it should be agreed upon at once, as we believe that we will undoubtedly have a better attendance.

Yours respectfully,
RUSSEL SMITH.
Watkins, N. Y., Feb. 24, 1879.

Prof. W. H. Weeks' Services in Boston.

The Boston Deaf-Mute Society enjoyed three services of more than usual interest on Sunday, February 23d, Professor William H. Weeks, of Hartford, Conn., officiating. The morning service was attended by about 75 members, every seat being occupied. The Bible-class had 27, besides many spectators. The afternoon service had about 40, and many remarks of much interest were made. At the conclusion of the morning service a handsome "Teachers' Bible," with her name in gilt letters upon it, was presented to Mrs. William Lynde by Mr. J. T. Tillingshast in the name of the committee. Mr. Weeks' account of his recent visits to Norwich, Conn., and the growing interest in and the many advantages of union societies were very interesting. He will be in Boston on March 23d, and a cordial invitation is extended to all mutes in that vicinity to attend the services. One who was present at the Worcester gathering informs me that it was small, only about 34 being present. The weather was unfavorable, being cold and blustering.

C.

A SLEIGH RIDE AND SURPRISE.

BIDDEFORD, Me., Feb. 26, 1879.
EDITOR *JOURNAL*.—A party of deaf-mutes decided to have a sleigh ride on the 22d of February, it being the anniversary of Washington's birthday, and also to surprise some of our friends who reside upon the Buxton road, some six miles from here, in the outskirts of the city of Saco. We chartered a good team of Mr. Carpenter, of our city, and at 5 o'clock p. m. started upon our contemplated party. The day, for pleasantness, was all that the heart could wish, and the sleighing splendid, the road being hard trod, making it easy for the horses, which took us at a rapid speed. We reached our deaf-mute friends, Daniel Cleaves, at about 6:30 p. m. We entered into sports and festivities with an earnest activity, meeting guests from other localities, among whom might be named Mr. John F. Webb and his wife, of South Windham, who were married on the 25th of last December; Mr. Patrick Feeny, of Gorham, Me., &c. Nine o'clock, or later, came and cut short our festivities, when, after partaking of the hospitalities of a farmer's supper, we all started for home, hoping to have the privilege of enjoying the same over again when another year shall come around. We arrived at home at about eleven o'clock at night, meeting with no accident, and feeling that all concerned were made happier and better men and women by reason of our excursion.

Yours truly,
J. W. P.

Money and health saved by using Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. See Dr. Kennedy's advertisement.

A MONSTER SNAKE.

THE REMAINS OF A TWENTY TWO FOOT REPTILE FOUND IN A TREE—THE BONES PRESERVED.

[Foughtleaple Cor. New York Sun, Feb. 21st.]

Some seven or eight years ago an astounding snake story came forth from South Canaan, Conn., and was copied far and near, both in this country and Europe. About the time referred to much alarm was manifested along the line of the Housatonic Railroad by the appearance of a tremendous snake. The reptile seemed to make his home in a dense swamp near the railroad track. It had been seen by different persons, and the stories of those who saw it were laughed at, despite their earnest protestations of the truth of their statements.

Time and again the reptile was shot at by hunters, but it always managed to get away. The track of the Housatonic Railroad runs through the swamp mentioned. Early one morning the engineer of a passenger train saw a long, black object lying across the rails, and he shut off steam and whistled for breaks. While the speed was slackening the engineer saw that it was the snake about which so much had been said, and he pulled the throttle open again, intending, if possible, to run it down and cut it in two; but just before the engine reached it the end of the tail slid off from the rail and into the swamp.

Four or five years ago two men were riding in a buggy along a road which skirts the swamp and saw ahead a dark object lying across the roadway. As they neared it it began to wriggle slowly away, and then it was discovered to be the famous snake. It slowly disappeared in the dead underbrush, and the men were certain from the measurement of the ground where they first saw it stretched out that it was over 20 feet in length.

Parties were organized to hunt the reptile down, but without success, and the interest in the snake soon died out.

On Saturday last two men named Smith and Kelly, both well and favorably known in the neighborhood, went into the swamp with a yoke of cattle and a sled to get a load of wood, the ground being frozen so hard there being no difficulty in passing over any portion in safety, which it would be impossible to do in warm weather. After a little while they came to a large button-wood tree, which had decayed and fallen to the ground. They discovered that it was hollow, and in order to handle it easily, they applied a woodman's saw to it. After sawing nearly through one part of it, the saw grated as though it had struck a stone. They then split the tree, and to their astonishment, the obstacle which the saw had struck proved to be a bone.

They opened the tree as far as they could find bones, the length opened being twenty-one feet, and the remains proved to be those of the monstrous reptile so often seen but never captured. The largest bones measured six inches in diameter, and from that tapered down to smaller sizes.

The tail of the snake was found imbedded in the upper part of the tree. There is no doubt that this large tree had been the snake's winter home for many years, and in it he breathed his last.

It is believed that the last time he was chased—some four years ago—he sought refuge in this tree and never came out again. The bones and other remains have been preserved, and will be sent to the society of natural science, with a history of the case.

HOW TO BURN COAL.

A very common mistake is made, says the *Leeds Rural*, and much fuel is wasted in the manner of replenishing coal fires, both in furnaces and grates. They should be fed with a little coal at a time, and often; but servants, to save time and trouble, put on a great deal at once, the first result being that almost all the heat is absorbed by the newly put on coal, which does not give out heat until it has become red hot. Hence, for a while the room is cold, but when it becomes fairly aglow the heat is insufferable.

The time to replenish a coal fire is as soon as the coals begin to show ashes on their surface, then put on merely enough to show a layer of black coal covering the red. This will soon kindle, and as there is not much of it, an excess of heat will not be given out, thus leaving all the heat in the ashes when it should be sent to the new supply of coal. The time to stir the fire is just when the new coal laid on is pretty well kindled. This method of managing a coal fire is troublesome, but it saves fuel, gives a more uniform heat, and prevents the discomfort of alternation of heat and cold above referred to.

JAPANESE STUDENTS.—A Japanese student at Yale College, New Haven, called on a young lady, and was invited to call again soon. He called again in about an hour

MEXICO

open for the public
HENRY do not identify our
Publisher DEAR of our correspondents
work of all kind
notice with NEGUS.

STONE, INSTITUTION FOR THE
Main St., Mass.
to Order, and Feb. 18, 1879.

Ready made :—I wish to write
Boots & Shotone of the former pu-
perhaps some of your

E. L. to hear. I received
from one of the boys,
his friend, who cut it
es, Jewelry, for, and I shall send a
Main street, N. Y. It is as follows:

Dolph, a deaf and
building himself a
THC. We think his match
Manufactured to find. He never
and fancy, pretence at any trade,
Shoes. For a suit of clothes or a
posite the E boots, as well as the
men. He has made

JA sleighs and top buggies
Manufactured from any one.
of heavy lid the painting and iron-
Single and has plenty of custom-
kels and d.

My wife is about 24 years old,
ted from this institution
years since. During his
illage, he applied his mind to ma-
chines, and perhaps to drawing, and
from that commencement he is now
known as an excellent workman. He
is living at Waymark. He has two
deaf-mute brothers, who are at school
here. One of them, Mr. Jesse Dolph,
is showing the same trait of ingenuity.
He has made one bracket with a knife
only. If you could see it you would
think that he made it with a scroll saw.

B. R. ALLABOUT.

HARD TIMES DROVE HIM BACK
FROM THE WEST.

DELAWARE, O., Feb. 20, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Hereby I forward
you \$3 for myself and Mrs. Anthony
for the JOURNAL for another year, and
also \$1.50 for Miss Romoser's new sub-
scription.

We are all well, and doing first rate.
It snowed furiously last Monday and
also yesterday, and the ground is cov-
ered with nine inches of snow.

Since I wrote to you we have had
one deaf-mute visitor from Prospect,
O. His name is W. H. H. Grigsby.
He has a deaf-mute wife, and five speak-
ing children. He and his wife graduat-
ed from the Ohio Institution in 1858.

They moved to Kansas some years ago,
intending to live on a farm of 160 acres
of land, but money became scarce with
them, and hard times forced them back
to Ohio. They worked hard, and finally
bought three lots in Prospect, O. Mr.
Grigsby works in a saw-mill close to the
Cleveland and Toledo Railroad station.
His boy left his home to work on his
own hook, selling newspapers in Col-
umbus. His father went down to get
a boarding place for him. He made
us a visit, stopping over night with us,
and then went to Columbus.

I have not much of importance for
your paper at present, but I expect to
start for Dayton, O., in a few days on
business, from which place I will write
something for the JOURNAL.

Yours ever,
EMORY SHOOP.

REMEMBERED KINDNESS.

LAWRENCE, Mass., Feb. 24, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Permit me to of-
fer you a few remarks to the effect that
Mr. J. A. Tillinghams, of New Bedford,
the well-known self-taught gentleman,
made his appearance here, for the first
time, on the 9th of February, officiat-
ing before the Lawrence Society of
Deaf-Mutes. His subject was "God is
a mystery." Were I able to tell your
readers all Mr. Tillinghams said for our
good it would take too much space in
your valuable paper. Suffice it to say
that the deaf-mutes were satisfied with
his good sermon, and I felt it good to
be there.

On the celebration of the birthday
of the youthful patriot who said "I can-
not tell a lie," the deaf-mutes of this
city, Haverhill, and Newburyport con-
ceived the idea of getting up a surprise
party for the purpose of purchasing
an elegant bedstead, and succeeded
admirably. So we determined to give
Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Finnimore (two of
your readers) a genuine surprise. Both
were greatly astonished, and were at a
loss to account for the gathering of
such a concourse. Your correspond-
ent stepped to the front, and with well-
chosen words welcomed the couple, and
in behalf of the visitors, present-
ed them with a handsome gift as a
token of respect for their (Mr. and Mrs.
F.) kindness to the Lawrence Society
of Deaf-Mutes in the frequent use
of their parlor for the holding of meet-
ings of the society, and to show our
appreciation in some substantial man-
ner. Mr. Finnimore made such a re-
sponse as might be expected from one
in his bewildered condition, and in-
vited the party to make themselves at
home. The ladies of the party im-
mediately set about preparing the good
things which they had brought in abun-
dantly, and an excellent collation was
speedily prepared. A very pleasant
evening was spent in games and
amusement, and on such occasions.

The names of the surprising party are:
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Dickinson and John
B. Lucy, of Haverhill; Mr. and Mrs.
B. K. Brown and two daughters, Miss
Mary Hogan, Mrs. and Mrs. J. Taylor
and daughter, Miss Emily Jenks (sis-
ter-in-law of the writer), Mr. C. Wil-
liams and Mrs. S. Storer (father and
sister of Mrs. Finnimore), John Mc-
Carthy, and Napoleon Dufresne, J. T.

—He who works with hope before
him knows not fatigue and feels not
pain.

NOTES FROM PROF. JOB TURNER.

BALTIMORE, Md., Feb. 25, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—You may well
imagine how greatly I miss the con-
genial companionship of our excellent
friend Dr. Gallaudet, and how sad I
felt as I parted with him the very morn-
ing we reached the wharf in the
Carolina from Norfolk, Va., last Friday
morning. He started for New York at
once because his church people said
they needed his services so much, owing
to his unusually long absence.

Dr. Gallaudet and myself had a very
pleasant and profitable journey of a
little more than six weeks through the
Southern States, holding services in
the interests of the Church Mission to
Deaf-Mutes and visiting ten institu-
tions for deaf-mutes. The places
where we held the services were Fred-
erick City, Md.; Romney, W. Va.;
Richmond, Va.; Petersburg, Va.;
Staunton, Va.; Raleigh, N. C.; Spar-
tanburg, S. C.; Athens, Ga.; Atlanta,
Ga.; Knoxville, Tenn.; Cave Spring,
Ga.; Talladega, Ala.; Montgomery,
Ala.; Mobile, Ala.; Jackson, Miss.;
New Orleans, La.; Savannah, Ga.;
Charleston, S. C.; Wilmington, N. C.,
and Norfolk, Va., being twenty
in number. We could have conducted
many more services, but Dr. Gallau-
det's time would not permit it. He
left his pastoral duties, for six weeks
only, to speak for me and my work,
because it was in its infancy and needed
his help very much. He has my
many sincere thanks for having given
me very kind and disinterested assist-
ance, which never will be effaced from
my memory. I cannot help thanking
the Lord our God that He has abundantly
blessed the work which Dr. Gallau-
det has so kindly undertaken for his
silent companion. May God be praised
for His great mercy in having se-
lected Dr. Gallaudet as an instrument
in His hands to assist in perpetuating
His glory and unfolding His precious
gospel to men, particularly those who,
hitherto, have long been deprived of
so blessed privileges.

Let me give you the names of the
institutions which we visited: Mary-
land, West Virginia, Virginia, North
Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia,
Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee,
the principals of which institutions
have our great thanks for their kind-
ness and hospitality, which we will
never forget. Dr. Gallaudet said "I
shall carry home with me delightful
memories of the hospitality and kind-
ness I have received at the South."

He told me that he greatly regretted
to have to deny himself the pleasure
of visiting the Arkansas, Louisiana,
Kentucky, and Texas Institutions on
account of his time being so much lim-
ited, but that he hoped to have that
pleasure at some future time. The
principals of those institutions will
please excuse him on that ground.
May his desire to do so be gratified
before long.

I must not omit to say that we paid
a visit to the North Carolina Institu-
tion for the Colored Deaf, Dumb, and
Blind at Raleigh, N. C., and were sur-
prised and pleased to find it as well
managed as any other deaf and dumb
institution. It is ably conducted by
Mr. Gudgeon, the principal of the North
Carolina Deaf and Dumb Institution,
assisted by Messrs. Debnam and
Haynes. When I visit Raleigh again
I will not forget that school, as I am
much interested in it. I will then
send you a faithful account of its
management for the JOURNAL.

The remarkably great rapidity of
our journey has prevented my writing
to you since the date of my Mont-
gomery letter, but I will tell you every
useful thing which has transpired un-
der our own eyes.

I may properly say that, during our
trip, we spent the first Sabbath day in
Staunton, Va.; the second in Raleigh,
N. C.; the third in Atlanta, Ga.; the
fourth in Montgomery, Ala.; the fifth
in New Orleans, and the sixth in Wil-
mington, N. C.

Early on the morning of February
4th, we reached Mobile, Ala., and put
up at the Battle House, which is to
that city what the Fifth Avenue Hotel
is to New York. After breakfast the
Rev. Dr. Massey, rector of Trinity
Church, called to see us, and tendered
us the use of his church, which we en-
joyed very much. The Rev. Asa J.
Roberts, another Episcopal minister,
showed us every kind attention during
our visit of but one day.

To my great surprise and joy, I met
a friend of mine in that city whom I
had not seen for more than fifty years.
The same night we held a service in
the church, and started for Jackson,
Miss., via New Orleans, the next af-
ternoon, February 5th.

Mobile has long been the most hos-
pitable city in the Southern States; so
I have been told by a Southerner.

On the 7th inst., we reached Jackson,
long before sunrise. We took break-
fast at the rectory of the Episcopal
Church, where we conducted a service
the same night.

Mr. Talbot, the principal of the deaf
and dumb institution, called to see Dr.
Gallaudet. He said he did not like
the shortness of our visit, but after-
wards felt satisfied at the reason which
Dr. Gallaudet gave him. He told us
he wanted us to stay with him three
or four days.

One of his teachers, Mr. Saunders,
once a teacher in the Virginia Institu-
tion, came to see me in Mr. Talbot's
office. We were overjoyed at meeting
each other, because we were happy
fellow teachers in the Virginia Institu-
tion. His wife was one of my old pu-
pils. She and her three children are
now on a visit to Virginia.

Another teacher, Mr. Scott, a gradu-
ate of the deaf-mute college, was united
in marriage to a deaf-mute Missis-
sippi lady named Miss Lambuth, as
meek as a lamb, in the early part, or,
I may safely say, the fifth of December
last.

I had the happiness of meeting my
old pupil Mr. Willie F. Cabanis, whose
father was Dr. Cabanis, the first
president of the board of trustees of
the Mississippi Deaf and Dumb Insti-
tution, and whose sister is matron of
the institution.

Mr. Talbot, his teachers, and pupils
attended Dr. Gallaudet's service in a
body.

After service Dr. Gallaudet and I
went to a large, fashionable wedding
reception at Mr. and Mrs. Green's, in
honor of the bride, their daughter.
We enjoyed it until one o'clock, when
we had to retire in time to start for
New Orleans, which city we reached
in safety on a bright spring-like morn-
ing, February 9th. We called on Mr.
Marcy, who has already given you an
account of our visit to his wife and
father.

We had two services at Christ
Church on the afternoon and evening
of the 10th inst., the first for deaf-
mutes and the second for both deaf-
mute and speaking people.

On the evening of the 11th inst. we
took leave of Messrs. Marcy, Harris,
Tuttle, and others, who went to the
depot to see us off. They are a fine
set of mutes. It took us a little more
than thirty-six hours to travel, with-
out any stoppage, from that city to
Savannah, Ga., through Mobile, Mont-
gomery, Columbus, Ga., and Macon, a
fine city in the centre of the State of
Georgia.

Dr. Gallaudet has several cousins
there, his father's brother having died
last fall. They invited him and his
silent friend to visit them at the Isle
of Hope, about six miles from the city.
We were much charmed with the
beauty of the place, and enjoyed a fine
sail on the river in front of the man-
sion where we were stopping. Unfor-
tunately, we stayed with so agreeable
a people but one day.

We called on a lady, a little distance
away, whose mother was Mrs. Dent,
formerly Miss Thomas, who graduated
from the American Asylum in 1830.
I have said, in one of my former let-
ters, that she breathed her last in Ath-
ens, Ga., two years ago. Let me say
a little about Mrs. Dent. When she
was a young lady she presented a
beautiful bouquet to General Lafayette,
and he kissed her on the forehead. I
am told that it is customary to kiss
ladies in France on the forehead, in-
stead of on the mouth or cheek.

We cannot forget our happy service
at Christ Church, Savannah, on the
night of the 12th inst.

After service we took the cars for
Charleston, S. C., which city appeared
itself to us about 8 o'clock the next
morning. We stayed there but one
day, during which time we saw every
spot of historic celebrity.

We held service at Grace Church
the same night, after which we got off
for Wilmington, N. C., where we stay-
ed about three days to rest, as we
were a little broken down by the rap-
idity of our tour, and also by the
number of services, etc. We enjoyed
the kindness and hospitality of some
of the citizens. We had four services
in as many churches. We stayed at
the Home of St. James, and found it
a happy home. Mrs. Lawrence and
Sister Ruth did all they could to make
our stay pleasant. I would write more
about them, but time forbids it.

On the night of the 18th we left
Wilmington for Norfolk, Va., and had
a service at Christ Church the next
night. At the service were met Miss
L. Alice Edwards, and Messrs. Pollard
Edwards, and Prentiss, all graduates
of the Virginia Institution. To my
regret, several others were missing
from the meeting, one being obliged
to attend a wedding. That night we
closed our joint work in the church,
after so happily blessed a work of up-
wards of six weeks.

On the night of the 20th we steam-
ed up the Chesapeake Bay, in the fine
Carolina, and reached this city the
next morning. In a few minutes my
excellent ex-companion, Dr. Gallaudet,
got off. Yours sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

THE ENTERTAINMENT AT
WORCESTER.

WORCESTER, Mass., Feb. 22, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I will give you
some news to be published in your
valuable paper.

The deaf-mutes of Worcester, Mass.,
had gathered a good party of about
18 couples at their hall, in Gorbam's
block, on the night of the 21st of
February. There were four contest-
ants for mathematics as follows: Mr.
Joseph O. Sanger, of Westboro, Mr.
Samuel Wilkinson, of Fall River, Mr.
Stanton F. Wheeler, of Oxford, and
Mr. Geo. F. Cutter, of Vermont. Mr.
Wilkinson took the first prize, a very
handsome blue silk handkerchief, and
the other mathematics were again con-
tested by Miss Addie V. Joslin, of
Worcester, and Messrs. Sanger, Wil-
kinson and Josiah Quincy, of Spring-
field, Mr. Sanger won the prize, 50
cents in silver.

The spelling match was made by
Misses Lizzie A. Stevens, of Gardner,
Addie V. Joslin, Mary E. Wilbur, of
Fall River, and Nellie B. Reckie, of
Clinton. Miss Stevens carried off the
prize, a reel made by D. B. Howe.

An elegant pin cushion was offered
for the best spelling of the Lord's
Prayer. Mrs. D. B. Howe won it.

At 11 o'clock P. M. supper was served
at the Commonwealth Cafe.

All enjoyed the entertainment very
much, and went home the next day.
G.

Life is too short to be worn out
in petty worries, frettings, hatreds, and
vexations. Let us banish all these, and
think on whatsoever things are pure,
and of good report.

A MASKED DEAF-MUTE PARTY.

POVERTY AND WEALTH ASSIMILATING—THE
IMPORTED IRISHMAN ARM IN ARM WITH THE
NATIVE BORN AMERICAN—GRAND SUCCESS.

PRINCETON, N. J., Feb. 24, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Among the many
contrivances resorted to usher in be-
fittingly the birthday of our immortal
Washington, not the least successful
was that adopted by Mr. and Mrs.
W. Genet, of Harlem, N. Y. At the
residence of that happy couple, on the
evening of Friday, February 21st, was
gathered an assemblage representing
the beau monde of deaf-mute society
of New York city and vicinity. The
guests commenced arriving as early
as 7 P. M., and from that time till mid-
night, dropped in singly or in pairs,
immediately repairing to the dressing-
rooms to don their masks and costumes.

At midnight the parlors were crowd-
ed with guests in all sorts of costumes.
Gods and goddesses from the upper
regions graced the occasion with their
presence, and benignly associated with
baser mortals. Folly complacently
walked arm in arm with the grave
sage while the presence of clowns, fools,
courtiers, Teutons, and sons of the
Emerald Isle showed the absence of
prejudice on account of race or of pre-
vious condition of servitude. A little
before 1 o'clock A. M. masks were re-
moved and the real fun commenced.

Those who had been sure of finding
Mr. So and So, under this or that char-
acter, were astonished to see a very
different individual. To give your
readers an idea of the broad field of
characters adopted, I will append a
few with their representatives: Mr.
W. H. Genet, Buffoon; Mrs. Genet,
Hostess; Mr. M. Heyman, President;
Mrs. F. Roberts, Goddess of Night;
Mr. E. A. Hodgson, Yankee; Miss C.
Rosch, Flirt; Mr. H. Jubring, Ghost;
Mrs. H. Jubring, School Girl; Mr. R.
Gullen, Courtier; Miss Liebel, Folly;
Mr. Chas. Haar, Teuton; Miss E.
Weinberger, "Goddess of Liberty";
Mr. G. Witschiel, Jack Tar; Mrs.
Kearth, "The old woman that lived in
a shoe"; Mr. J. Clark, Irishman; Mrs.
Bailey, Kathleen Mavourneen; Mr. R.
Rosch, Clown; Miss Renode, French
Peasant. These are only a few of the
most notable characters. Among other
notables, present in citizen dress, I
noticed: Mr. Jacques Loew, Mr. and
Mrs. John Witschiel, Mr. and Mrs. Jas.
Russell, Miss Ella Cummings, Mr. Geo.
L. Reynolds, Miss Nellie Powers, Miss
Amelia Zeiger, and Mr. Thomas F.
Fox.

At one o'clock the dancing ceased
for a few moments for pleasure of an-
other sort, and the guests, forming in
couples, commenced the "grand march"
to the table.

Of the supper I can only remark
that it was a triumph. I may say it
was a prodigy of its kind, and was
served in a style and with surround-
ings rarely equalled in luxurious com-
pleteness. The scene that the dining-
room presented, with the great table
in the midst, gleaming with scores of
dishes, and surrounded by a gay com-
pany, who ate and drank (demonade),
laughed, joked, and drank again, was
a rare one to stumble on. The room
was filled with the hum of conversa-
tion, mingled pleasantly with the in-
viting clatter of dishes and the gay
laughter of the merry-makers. To
fail to do justice to such a gorgeous
supper was impossible, and this the
company quickly proved.

Supper over, the parlors were again
the center of fun and frolicking, each
guest contributing his share to make
the party a memorable success. To
enter into all the delights of the even-
ing would be impossible; suffice it to
say that to far the greater number
present on the occasion it was perfect
enjoyment. Nothing seemed wanting;
even the most exacting were satisfied,
may charmed, with the attention they
received from their kind entertainers.

They have left their memory as a
bright star in the heart of every one
of their guests, various as were their
dispositions, their characters, and feel-
ings.

Pleasure, however transporting, un-
happily cannot last, be it gold, pearls,
or flowers. No chain can bind the
stubborn wings of time, and bid him
loiter on his way. He spurns the fet-
ters, darkly, sternly rushing on; and
bright indeed must be the joys that
fade not beneath his step. The festive
scene at length closed, not indeed
till the blue light of morning strug-
gled to gain dominion over the earth.
Guest after guest departed, bearing
with them memories of pleasure often
to be recalled with a sigh for a renewal.

JOEL SLOOTM.

HAVE YOU SEEN MR. FRIEND?

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Will you be so
kind as to insert in your valuable pa-
per that Mr. Charles S. Sherlock and
the writer have a desire to know the
whereabouts of their friend William
Friend? Will any of your readers com-
municate with the below address if
they know his whereabouts? Any in-
formation communicated to the above
persons will be very thankfully re-
ceived.

There is an old mute living in
Thompsonstown whose name is John
Rox. He is a shoemaker by trade,
and was told that he graduated from
the Pennsylvania institution, and left
it about 30 years ago. Some of your
readers may know him. I have no
more news.

Yours truly,
BETTIE ROSEBUD.

Patterson, Pa., Feb. 21, 1879.

—A lady remonstrated with her
butcher for his cruel treatment in put-
ting little lambs to death. "Why, mad-
ame," said he, "you would not eat them
alive, would you?"

"Bub" Sends a Letter to the Journal.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Will you be kind
enough to publish my communication
in your interesting paper for the ben-
efit of your mute and speaking readers.
My love for reading your valuable
paper is growing with every step of
my progress, as it always gives me
pleasure. No reader, I think, can af-
ford to be without your paper, for it
gives them intelligence and may make
their minds broad; but if they had
not your paper perhaps they would
remain in ignorance.

Messrs. N. J. Ellis and W. W.
Swartz, of Catawissa, Pa., were ig-
norant as a toad, for they had not much
news upon which to converse togeth-
er, but now they are subscribers for
your paper, and they are not as ig-
norant as the toad, and can tell about
the good news to each other, and can't
tell how fond they are of reading.

I hope you will be successful as
long as you live. I think every reader
of your paper had better stay at home
every night to read it, or to read it to
his wife and children, as they love to
listen to him. They should not go to
the bar-room, because the keeper al-
ways tempts them and spoils the souls.
His talkative manner is deceitful, and
his liquors belong to the devil.

On the 10th inst. W. W. Swartz
(mute) signed the temperance pledge
(under Major H. L. Vancleve) and he
is trusting in God, who will help him
in his weakness. He never signed the
pledge before.

On the 7th ult. W. W. Swartz, while
skating on the Catawissa Creek, at the
mouth of the Susquehanna River, was
hurt in his right side by falling on the
ice, but he got well again in three
weeks.

W. W. Swartz admires the letters
of Prof. Job Turner in your paper, as
he has often heard of him, but feels
sorry that he has never seen him. Mr.
S. is glad that Mr. T. is still writing
for the JOURNAL, and his letters do
him much good. He is grateful that
God has blessed Mr. T., and led him
in the way of righteousness, and he
is glad to hear of his safe traveling
with Dr. Thomas Gallaudet. Dr. G.
knows Mr. S. well, as he met him in
Philadelphia, Pa., and Washington,
D. C. He hopes that both may have
good influence among the mutes. W.
W. S. has been a Christian since he
was about six years old. About three
years ago he urged Mr. N. J. Ellis,
(mute) about sixty years old, to be con-
verted at the Mountain Grove camp-
meeting. Before his conversion he
was a Quaker, but is now a Methodist.

He and W. W. S. go to the church,
class, and prayer-meeting, and they
enjoy them; and the class-meeting
does them much good and makes them
happy. They speak their experiences
with their sign-language. Many speak-
ing people are interested to see their
signs, but do not understand them,
but Jesus knows them.

Mr. Thomas Clark and his wife
(formerly Miss Martha A. Kline) live
comfortably together in Northumber-
land, Pa. Mr. C. is a nail-maker by
trade.

Henry M. Kline (a brother of Mrs.
Clark) lives on a farm with his father,
four miles from Sunbury, Pa. They
are all mutes. Sunbury is quite a
town, but probably feels the hard
times. I was informed that Mr. Clark
had thought that a tramp was a likely
gentleman, and allowed him to lodge
at his house for a night. The next
morning Mr. C. left his gold watch,
with a gold chain, hanging on a nail
pretty near the lounge, whereon the
tramp was lying, and he stole them,
aggregating about \$55 in value, and
ran out as fast as lightning. Mrs.
Clark immediately ran to the door, but
could not find him. She soon told
her husband, at the nail factory, and
he telegraphed for the capture of the
thief, but in vain. He paid \$5.50 for
the messages and to detectives.

On the 24th ult. Mr. N. J. Ellis paid
his mute and speaking friends a visit
of two weeks. He enjoyed himself
well.

Yours truly,
Bub.

Catawissa, Pa., Feb. 24, 1879.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Feb. 18, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Mr. J. C. Harlan,
of Woodland, came to San Francisco
to pay us a visit, and also his friends
in Oakland, during the holidays. He
was educated at the California Insti-
tution for Deaf-Mutes, located at Berke-
ley, and has a very good situation as a
clerk in the county clerk's office at
Woodland.

William Craig, a former pupil of the
Ohio Institution, has been working on
the Call for several years as a com-
positor, and has won a good reputa-
tion for being steady and efficient.

I went over to San Quentin yester-
day, by the ferry-boat, and visited the
State Prison, in the walls of which are
confined 1,539 convicts, of whom 246
are Chinese. Then I took a train for
San Rafael, where I made a short
visit, and then returned home.

A daughter of my wife's brother was
christened by Rev. Dr. Stone last De-
cember. The Doctor has learned to
talk with us by the manual alphabet
and sign-language.

A son of Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg was
born on the 29th of December, 1878.
Mr. Kellogg graduated from the Mich-
igan Institution and his wife (my sis-
ter-in-law) from the California Insti-
tution.

The JOURNAL is the most valuable
paper in the United States. I am glad
I have subscribed for it, and wish
every educated deaf-mute would try
it a year.

C. A. COREY.

—There's no bank, not even a snow
bank, that can stand a run all the year
round.

NEW YORK INSTITUTION NOTES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—My tardiness in
writing for the past month necessitates
a long letter to make amends for the
delay, as also to chronicle the various
events that have happened during that
interval.

As I remarked in my last letter, Mr.
Brown arrived at the institution just
in time to avoid the inconvenience of
traveling in a blinding snow storm.
On Thursday, February 6th, he visited
the first division of the High Class and,
at the request of the principal, gave
an exhibition of his system of teaching
penmanship, with which the principal,
the teacher of the class, and the
pupils were greatly pleased. At the
conclusion of his lecture some of the
members of the class expressed in
writing their pleasure at what they had
been shown. Mr. Brown complimented
the writers on the grace with which
they expressed themselves. He left
for home the next day.

During the early part of the month
the ice-floe from the upper Hudson
was very great. On Monday afternoon,
the 10th inst., the ice in the river op-
posite the institution dock having
become wedged into a vast field ex-
tending to the opposite shore, two of
our pupils undertook the foolhardy task
of crossing the river to Fort Lee, N. J.

They accomplished the feat, but got
well warmed by Dr. Porter for their
bravado. On the same day Mr. Jo-
seph J. Siegeman, a graduate of the
High Class, and at present employed
in the county clerk's office at Utica,
N. Y., dropped in to see some of his
old friends. Mr. S. bears the reputa-
tion of being a capable, intelligent
and correct young man, and appeared
to advantage in every way.

St. Valentine's day opened clear,
cold, and windy. A good many valen-
tines were sent and plenty of fun ob-
tained from the variety of the tender
messages sent.

The sixtieth annual report of this
institution, after a good deal of delay,
is being distributed. The printers had
it ready before Christmas, but it was

SUNDAY READING.

Dark falls the night, withheld the day,
Weary we fare, perplexed and chill,
Led by one little guiding ray,
Shining from centuries far away—
Good-will and Peace. Peace and Good-will.

Through eighteen hundred stormy years
The dear notes ring, and will not cease;
And past all mists of mortal tears
The guiding star rebukes our fears—
Peace and Good-will. Good-will and Peace.

Shine, blessed star, the night is black,
Shine, and the heavens with radiance fill,
While on thy slender, guiding track
The angel voices echo back—
Good-will and Peace. Peace and Good-will.

—Susan Coolidge.

A creed or confession of faith is needed chiefly for convenience. In obedience to a divine command, Christians unite and form a church. That they may live and work together harmoniously and efficiently, they become acquainted with each other's sentiments, and if found in agreement, they express this in a covenant, and receive others in their number who are of like faith with them. There is here no binding of conscience, but the largest liberty.

—Morning Star.

We have, amid all changes, three unchangeables—an unchangeable covenant, an unchangeable God, and an unchangeable heaven; and while these three remain "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever," welcome the will of our Heavenly Father in all events that may happen to us.

—Matthew Henry

Morning is holy, but a holier charm
Lies folded close in evening's robes of balm,
And weary man must ever love her best,
For morning calls to toil, but night to rest.
Until the evening one must weep and toil,
Plough life's stern furrow, dig the weedy soil,
Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way,
And bear the heat and burden of the day.
O! when the sun is setting may we glide
Like summer evening down the golden tide;
And leave behind us, as we pass away,
Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping day.

Though the Word and the Spirit do
The main work, yet suffering so
Unbids the door of the heart that both
The Word and the Spirit have easier
Entrances.—Baxter.

It is a little matter at what hour of the day
The righteous fall asleep. Death cannot come
To him untimely who has learned to die.
The less of this brief life, the more of heaven;
The shorter time, the longer immortality.

—Dean Milman.

The bird of wisdom flies low and
seeks his food under hedges; the eagle
himself would be starved if he always
soared aloft against the sun.—Lan-
dor.

Blessed are the homelicks, for they
shall come at last to the Father's
house.—Henrich Stillings.

A SHORT SERMON FOR DEAF-MUTES.

"But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."—Galatians vi. 14.

This glorious outburst of feeling was penned by St. Paul, one of the most remarkable of the noble army of apostles and martyrs that laid the foundations of the Christian church, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, upon the Rock Jesus Christ. He gave up his brilliant career as a Jew and became a humble and devout follower of the despised, the crucified Jesus of Nazareth, believing Him to be the eternal Son of God. He renounced the fleeting pleasures, honors and riches of this world, and cast himself at the foot of the cross upon which the precious blood of the Lamb of God had been shed to make atonement for the sins of the whole human race. Wherever he was kept in mind, and gloried in the cross of Christ.

At what an immense distance from the sublime declaration of St. Paul are the great majority of mankind. Some men glory in their ancestry, others in their wealth, others in their genius, others in their personal beauty. Some women glory in their husbands' name and position, others in their household goods and personal finery, others in their domestic management, others in their beautiful children. These various classes of persons, and all others who glory in some worldly object, can see no beauty in the cross of Christ, and, unless they repent of their wilful folly, must be miserable forever.

Thanks to God, however, there is a great multitude scattered throughout the world of those who follow the example of St. Paul, and glory only in the cross of Christ. They are the salt of the earth. There are no persecutions of Christians, and therefore their glorying in Christ is not so manifest to outward observation. But if cruel persecutions should arise, we believe there would appear such an army of martyrs and bold Christian soldiers as would astonish the world. Those who glory in the cross of Christ are the faithful ministers who preach the gospel either in their native land or upon foreign shores, the teachers who devote themselves to training youth in the knowledge and fear of God; the parents who spare no pains to fit their dear children for heaven; the young persons who are not ashamed to do right; persons of every class who are ready to deny themselves that the kingdom of their Lord and Master may cover the earth. Let us pray that the number of those who glory in the cross may be constantly increased till every knee shall bow at the name of Jesus.

Now, if we are all ready to give up everything of a selfish and worldly nature, and glory only in the cross of Christ, we are happy, for the humble and lowly-minded shall finally be exalted to the eternal glory of heaven.

A HINT TO DRAM DRINKERS.

Barkeepers pay, on an average, \$2 per gallon for whisky. One gallon contains an average of fifty-five drinks, and at ten cents a drink the poor man pays \$6.50 per gallon for his whisky; in other words he pays \$2 for the whisky and \$4.50 to a man for handing it over the bar. While it would be better for all not to drink, some men will have whisky, and my advice to them is this:—Make your wife your barkeeper. Lend her \$2 to buy a gallon of whisky for a beginning, and every time you want a drink go to her and pay ten cents for it. By the time you have drunk a gallon she will have \$6.50, or enough to refund the \$2 borrowed of you, to pay for another gallon of liquor and have a balance of \$2.50. She will be able to conduct future operations on her own capital, and when you become an inebriate, unable to support yourself, shunned and despised by respectable people, your wife will have enough money to keep you until you get ready to fill a drunkard's grave. But had you paid all this money to a barkeeper, he would not have given a cent to bury you or a crust of bread to keep your children from starving. Few people ever stop to calculate the cost of dram drinking. At ten cents per drink, one drink per day will cost \$36.50 per year; three drinks per day will cost \$73; three drinks, \$109.50, and four drinks, \$146 per year. A man came to me the other day to pay the interest on a note of \$100 I hold against him. Said he, "I only receive \$600 a year, and with a family to support I am not able to pay my debts." I asked him to take a pencil to make a slight calculation for me, and then asked him how often he drank at a bar. His average was three drinks per day, which, by his own calculation, was \$109.50, or enough to have paid both principal and interest of the note and \$150 left. He was astonished at the discovery and is now determined never to drink at a bar again.—Campbell's Lecture at Maysfield, Ky.

Showing the Difference in Dollars and Cents.

[New York Graphic.]

During fifteen years—from 1864 to 1879—the price of commodities necessary to the keeping of a household has been marvelously reduced. So gradual, however, has been the scaling down that unless the figures are contrasted, the change will scarcely be realized. A wholesale grocery firm in Providence, R. I., supplies from its prices current the following showing:

1864 and 1865.	1879.
1 barrel flour.....	\$ 16.50 \$ 6.00
1 barrel sugar, 200 lbs.	42.00 17.50
1 barrel pork.....	18.00 10.50
1 barrel kerosene oil,	35.30 3.70
1 barrel salt.....	4.00 1.30
1 bag lard, 200 lbs.	62.00 12.50
1 chest tea, 25 lbs.....	22.50 6.00
1 bushel beans.....	3.37 1.40
1 hoghead molasses	138.00 42.00
1 tub butter, 100 lbs.	47.00 20.00
1 barrel hams, 200 lbs.	50.00 14.50
1 dozen brooms.....	6.00 2.25
100 pounds corn meal	2.60 .88
10 pounds pepper.....	4.00 1.40
10 pounds coffee.....	6.00 2.80
100 pounds codfish.....	7.50 3.00
100 pounds cheese.....	21.00 9.50
100 pounds tapioca.....	22.00 7.00
100 pounds soda.....	6.50 1.75
10 boxes raisins.....	67.50 18.75
100 pounds soap.....	14.50 5.50
	\$626.17 \$188.03

A dollar is a dollar now, and it buys a dollar's worth.

The Fire that Old Nick Built.

We find in an exchange the following capital imitation of the "House that Jack Built," and wish that it might become a household favorite.

Intemperance—This is the fire that Nick built.

Moderate Drinking—This is the fuel that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

Rum Selling—This is the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

Public Opinion—This is the sledge, with its face of steel, that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

Temperance Pledge—This is the smith that works with a will to give force to the blows that we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

SUIT AGAINST PRIVATE BANKER.

In 1875 the Legislature of this State passed a law which prohibited banks and banking institutions, with the exception of savings banks, from exhibiting signs indicating that they received deposits for savings. The District Attorneys of each county were instructed to prosecute all offenders of this law. The District Attorney of Genesee county has recently brought suit against Mr. Leonidas Doty, a banker of Batavia. The amount asked for in the complaint is \$138,000. The penalty which follows the disobedience of this law is \$100 for each day; and for 1,388 days this act is claimed to have been violated.—Buffalo Express.

—There are three good aids to Satan in this life—poverty, politics and toothache.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Broken Heart is a station on a Minnesota railroad.

Make your life so that there will always be a heaven around you.

Delaware, Virginia, Nevada and California use the whipping-post.

The Mormons are said to be increasing at the rate of ten thousand a year.

Age makes one physically and morally far-sighted for one's self and deaf to others.

A year of pleasure passes like a fleet breeze, but a moment of sorrow seems an age of pain.

The deepest mine in America is at present staying in California, it makes a hole 2,640 feet deep.

In 1815 the average yield of wheat in France was eleven bushels to the acre; now it is fifteen.

"Sing a Song of Sixpence" dates from the sixteenth century, and "Three Blind Mice" is in a music book dated 1609.

The average temperature of the south lateral branch of the Suto Tunnel is 102 degrees, at a depth of 1,600 feet.

The drinkers of the German Empire during 1878 drank 841,058,768 gallons of beer, or about twenty gallons for each person.

A New Jersey paper-carpeting factory recently filled orders from Germany and South America. Formerly Japan made all such goods.

It is said that a vulture can fly 159 miles in an hour; wild geese ninety miles, and swallows ninety-two miles; common crows make about twenty-five miles an hour.

The rice lands of the estate of the late S. D. Coar, once valued at \$175,000, and situated in Charlestown and Georgetown counties, S. C., were sold recently for \$25,000.

There is no excuse for a man to go shuffling through life with his hands in his pockets and no more animation about him than an old door mat on which everybody wipes their feet.

A number of enterprising Jews have been engaged in collecting the bones of horses that fell in the late battle between Russia and Turkey, and have sold them to Austrian sugar refiners.

Recently a man named Montgomery, of Killiney, Down county, Ireland, dropped down dead; his wife, upon hearing the news, fell dead also; and, on a message being despatched to the sister of the latter, it was discovered that she had died suddenly.

Fossilized remains of what is reported as a gigantic pre-historic man have been found 200 feet beneath the earth's surface in a cave recently opened in a mine near Eureka, Nev. The lower limbs, head and neck are said to be clearly defined and natural.

There is a curious and close likeness between the character of the Greek and the American, which goes even into the type of the physique; it has often been noticed in Greece, both by Greeks and foreigners. The element of imaginativeness is one of the strongest components in the similarity.

The Revue Horticole, of France, contains a communication from a horticulturist, who claims that gas tar mixed with sawdust has driven away all the ants that had taken possession of his greenhouse. He scattered the mixture around, and the ants and other insects departed. Better try it on the potato bugs next season.

Of 17,000 guns constructed by Herr Krupp at his works at Essen during the last twenty-three years, only sixteen have burst, and nearly all these were destroyed during trials undertaken to test their power of resistance or endurance, and when, consequently, they were loaded with charges heavier than they were designed to fire.

New Caledonia does not seem to have very great terrors for some French criminals. A young man brought before a police court on a charge of theft lately made an elaborate confession of a terrible murder that he had committed, which was proved to have no truth in it whatever. It was found that his motive was a desire to be sent to New Caledonia at the expense of the government and for the benefit of his health.

Some of Japan's tea plants are 150 years old, and some plantations produce over \$3,000 worth per acre. A few choice leaves, of which a small quantity is produced, sell at home as high as \$8 per pound. Government taxes in Japan are now levied at the rate of two and one-half per cent; while formerly they have, at times, been as high as from fifty to seventy per cent. The taxes are fixed for six years in advance, so that the people can know just how much money they will have to raise.

A correspondent of the London Times says that American-made traps are far superior in all respects to those of English manufacture. The writer says that English traps are heavy, cumbersome, made of the wrong shape and on a bad principle, and that he would not take the trouble to carry them into the woods. A few years ago he sent an American otter-trap to a maker at Wolverhampton as a pattern on which to execute the order. The price charged by the English maker was far in excess of the cost of the same article in America. The firm at Wolverhampton, instead of being glad of the pattern, complained that it would require new moulds, and he therefore transferred the order to America.

A PROSPEROUS FARMER.

Mr. A. W. Paul, of Dighton, Mass., recently read before the State Board of Agriculture a paper entitled, "My Farming Experience," which excited great interest. We make some extracts from a report of the paper which we find in the *New England Farmer*:

"Mr. Paul commenced, as a farmer, about thirty years ago, purchasing a small and badly run-out farm of twenty-eight acres, with poor buildings, and a very inferior lot of farming stock and tools, and having very little means, run in debt for the whole. He first turned his attention to improving his farm, and as a means to the end, to raising pork. In favorable seasons he made a profit on his hogs, and in one year cleared \$95 on three, selling the pork at twenty cents per pound, while it cost him but ten cents.

"After giving full attention to draining, one method of increasing the fertility of the farm was the purchase of all the wood ashes he could gather in the vicinity, either leached or unleached, paying at the rate of from twelve to seventeen cents per bushel. For twelve years he used from 500 to 900 bushels of ashes on his land. He also bought considerable quantities of guano and Brighton fertilizers. One year, finding that he had cleared \$300 from the sale of crops, he immediately laid out \$1,000 for manure for another year, and for a number of years his purchases of manure averaged some \$700, while about \$200 worth was made on the farm. He now purchases most of his manure in Boston, on cars, and spreads it in the fall, ploughing it in from two and a half to three inches deep, using a small plough with a very sharp point. Special fertilizers are applied in the spring or during the growing season. He never composts his manure, but trusts the soil to do all the composting needed. His work is all mapped out as fully as possible a year ahead, so there is no delay or hesitation when the time comes for pushing things. The crops, as a rule, are sold as soon as they are ready for market, and the proceeds deposited in bank, from which it is drawn out by checks for paying bills. He invariably pays cash for everything, and purchases at wholesale as far as practicable. Has no store or blacksmith's bills running up against him to be disputed over when the day for settlement arrives. Prefers to hire money and pay interest on it to letting small bills accumulate. By paying cash he also finds he is able to make quite a saving in his purchases.

"His crops have been hay, potatoes and onions, but strawberries have been a leading product. He has been slow to change from one crop to another, never hesitates to do so, when convinced that a change is advisable. For the past seven years his annual sales have been in the neighborhood of \$5,000, sometimes falling a little short, and frequently overrunning. During the past year or two the receipts have somewhat fallen off, but, as the expenses have been less, the average net profit has been maintained. He not only plans his work a year in advance, but keeps constantly ahead of his work. His wood-house has a year's stock of seasoned wood on hand all the time, and he finds that one cord of such wood is worth two of that which some other farmers burn which has been exposed to the weather for many months.

"Having unfortunately been born very ignorant, he said he had found books and papers of great use to him. He had usually found it necessary to call to his aid about twelve newspapers and periodicals, including agricultural, political, religious and local publications. He was not unwilling to be called a 'book farmer,' after having learned so much from reading. The money which some would have spent for rum or tobacco, he had laid out in books. He had noticed that many farmers fail in not looking ahead and anticipating wants. Forethought saves a great deal of labor, but it is no use to hope to succeed without working for it. The man who hopes to win by his wits, without labor, will, sooner or later, find himself short of capital. His live stock now consists of one cow and two horses, and of the twenty-eight acres contained in the farm only sixteen have as yet been brought under cultivation. Like other men, he had made some mistakes. At one time, he used nitrate of soda so freely on a potato field as to destroy the crop, but he had at another time received as high as \$400 for the yield of potatoes from a single acre. After he had been in possession of his farm twenty-two years, he found himself free of debt, and the farm well stocked with such animals and tools as were needed. Since that time, he has been able to maintain himself and family, pay his proportion of the public expenses of government and society, keep his farm improving, and lay aside for a rainy day about \$1,500 per annum."

There are now 44 American firms doing business in Japan, of which number 33 are located in Yokohama, 1 in Tokio, 7 in Hiogo and 3 in Nagasaki. The total number of American residents is only 367, of whom 189 are in Yokohama, 87 in Tokio, 51 in Hiogo and Onaka, 31 in Nagasaki and 2 in Hakodati. The British population outnumber the Americans by 3 to 1, and there are 83 British firms against 44 American houses engaged in commercial pursuits in the empire. Of the 83 British firms, 67 are located in Yokohama.

An Algiers editor, having been challenged by the President of the Council General, agreed to go out on condition that if he were missed he should be at liberty to continue his criticisms of his opponent.

CONDENSED NEWS.

—Skating matches are frequent in New Orleans.

—Ex-Vice-President Schuyler Colfax is very sick with erysipelas.

—Samuel S. Thompson, of Troy, fell down stairs and broke his neck.

—George Washington, colored, was executed at Louisville, Ky., February 21st.

—Four operatives, girls, are said to have perished in the recent destruction by fire of the Atlantic Mill at Cohoes, N. Y.

—Mr. John Sweeney, late of the Jersey City base-ball nine, has gone to San Francisco to fill an engagement with the mutuals of that city.

—Hart Tanner, of New York, has purchased the trotting mare Lady Snell for \$3,000. Her record is 2:22. She will be used for road purposes.

—Three thousand dollars' worth of goods were stolen from the neck-tie establishment of Isaac Noor, in New York, on the night of February 20th.

—The total crop of ice gathered from the Hudson River this winter is estimated at 3,000,000 tons, taking no account of what is stacked outside the houses.

—Sarah Gallagher and Mary Broch, both Irish women, recently died at the New York Home for the aged. The former's age was 105 and the latter's 102 years.

—Ex-Councilman J. Graybill, of Cincinnati, lately had the misfortune to lose a horse (Little Jack) by death. The horse was a fast trotter, and was valued at \$4,000.

—James Brady and Frank Hannan, freighters, were killed by Indians on the 17th of February, on the Fort Pierre route, about fifty miles from Rapid City, Dak.

—John F. Sullivan, a patient at the Homopathic Hospital on Ward's Island, N. Y., was fatally poisoned a few days ago by drinking a glass of carbolic acid, which he supposed was water.

—O'Leary, the pedestrian, has arrived in New York, and has rented Gilmore's Garden for the week beginning March 10th, at \$4,250, and will then walk with Rowell, Harriman and Ennis.

—George Cantina, of New York, was detected stealing a box of caps from Julius Corn, a hat-manufacturer. He was arrested, and confessed that he had stolen \$1,600 worth of property in two weeks.

—A Rome telegram of February 21st stated that the Italian Government had prohibited the importation of American swine or any preparation of their flesh, as a precaution against trichinosis.

—David Bailey, who died a few days ago at Cambridge, Mass., at the age of 80 years, was appointed postmaster by President Adams in 1823, and held the place continuously until his death, over half a century.

—Sunday is the only day of the week for the Russian Finlanders to bury their dead. To preserve dead bodies till that day they are put in cellars where milk, butter, cheese, eggs, and other articles are kept.

—Miss Harriet Bayard, of Terre Haute, Ind., has sued Daniel McCarthy, a prominent business man, for breach of promise, laying the damages to her wounded affections at \$10,000. The defence claims that the suit is a conspiracy to obtain money.

—Sixteen tramps took forcible possession of the engine-house of the Fort Wayne, Jackson and Saginaw Railroad at Jackson, Mich., drove out the employees, and announced their intention to have work or die. The police captured the whole gang.

—Courtney's backers have decided to match him for the aquatic championship this season. They offer to back him to row any man in the world a single scull-race, two, three, or five miles, straight away or with a turn, for \$2,500 to \$5,000 a side, on Owaseo Lake.

—One million dollars of county taxes are due from Bayonne, Harrison, Kearney, North Bergen, Union, Guttenberg, West Hoboken, and Jersey City, N. J., and suits have been commenced against all of them excepting Jersey City, which it is thought will pay her share without litigation.

—John Morris' oil cloth manufactory at Salem, N. J., burned at 3 A. M., February 21st. Six dwelling houses adjoining the factory were burned, making nine families homeless. The loss on stock and materials in the factory was \$30,000 and the insurance \$10,000; loss on building, \$7,000, fully insured. The loss on the dwelling houses was \$3,000; insurance, \$500.

—The grand jury sitting in Troy, recently, indicted Daniel Robinson, charged with abstracting eight notes, of the face value of \$400,000, from the Merchants' and Mechanics' Bank, after the failure of the bank, in order to save the indorsers. The grand jury also found an indictment against D. Thomas Vail, charging him with conspiring with Robinson.

—The "Centennial sale," which was on exhibition at the Centennial Exposition, and which was contributed by Mrs. Diehm, was closed on the 22d of February, in the presence of a large number of spectators. It is to remain closed until the year 1976, when it is to be opened by the ruling President of the United States. In addition to the volume containing autographs of public men, it contains an album of photographs of a large number of them, with recorded souvenirs of the Centennial. The photographs of ladies are few in number, and include those of Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Hayes.

How He Got His Pass.

[Causus in Boston Transcript.]

There are those who are constitutionally opposed to granting favors to their fellow beings—an unfortunate class, who deserve no consideration from any one. Then there those who are continually thrusting their favors upon others—a class almost as uncomfortable to get along with, especially as the recipient of their attention is invariably left under a sense of obligation. But there is a class of favors which may be accepted without any such feeling, since they cost the giver nothing, either in time or money, yet are invaluable to the recipient. A poor fellow who had been badly injured in a railroad accident out west "drew the line" admirably. He was a brakeman, and had been hurt in the discharge of his duty. His home was in the East, and the road which he had served passed him to the terminus of his line. The next day he came to a superintendent who hesitated. The poor fellow pleaded his case. He was a railroad man. He had been hurt at his post. He had been passed by all the other roads. "All very well," said the superintendent; "but I can't see my way clear to give you a pass. If you were working for a farmer, and should get hurt in his employ, would you expect another farmer to get out his team and take you to the next town?" "No, sir," said the brakeman; "not that exactly; but if he was hitched up, and going my way, I should think he was mighty mean if he wouldn't give me a ride." He got a pass.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

March 2, St. Louis, " A. M. and P. M.	
" 7, Michigan City, " " P. M.	
" 9, Chicago, " A. M. and P. M.	
" 14, Marion, O., " " P. M.	
" 16, Ind'lis, Ind., " A. M. and P. M.	
" 23, Flint, Mich., " A. M. and P. M.	
" 26, Jackson, " " P. M.	
" 30, Detroit, " A. M. and P. M.	
April 3, Delaware, O., " " P. M.	
" 4, Dayton, " " P. M.	
" 6, Cincinnati, " " P. M.	
" 13, Cleveland, " A. M. and P. M.	
" 20, Pittsburg, Pa., A. M. and P. M.	

A Table, For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

MAR. 9th, 1879.

MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 9th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Ezekiel xiv.

2d Lesson—Luke x, v. 25.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the second Sunday in Lent.

EVENING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 9th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Ezekiel xviii.

2d Lesson—Ephesians v.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the second Sunday in Lent.

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